

THE JOURNAL

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THE WEATHER. Official weather forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be cloudy, and possibly snow or rain; westerly winds.

When Roosevelt meets Platt, then comes the tug of war. A fifteen-year-old burglar is the latest product of the crime wave.

The Canada Jingo isn't to be despised when it comes to very large talking.

The free-lunch feeder is the only man who ever tries to eat soup with a fork.

The great trouble with Olney's boom is that it is entirely in charge of the Republicans.

Fallon will appeal to the courts. Some of his quondam prisoners may do the same thing.

The silver men are all sitting upon the House Tariff bill, and mean to do their best to keep it down.

The Czar and Kaiser are going to meet, and you may be sure that John Bull will peek through the fence.

Chicago is now about "to reform her charities." She might better begin any reform efforts on her City Council.

Between Carlists and Cubans, old Spain is likely to have a lively year. Will the baby King keep his kingdom?

Why seek to crowd Staten Island out of the scheme of "Greater New York"? Is the city afraid to annex "South Beach"?

When Campos's successor has absolute control in Cuba, he promises to make the war as bloodily ferocious as football.

The Monroe Doctrine has been deserted by those two eminent Americans, Victoria C. Woodhull-Martin and Geo. W. Smalley.

Report is rife that Alfred Austin is now in the throes of a poem where "influenza" is made to rhyme with "Venezuela."

Kate Field is in Hawaii, and the natives say that Sandwich society circles haven't had such a time since they ban-roasted Captain Cook.

These South American republics have a habit of coming to the times when they propose to take an early occasion to get square with her.

When Brooks, the raider, descends on the Tenderloin there is no Dr. Jameson business. He does the surrounding and the others do the surrendering.

SENATOR WOLCOTT'S SPEECH. The first of the set speeches against the affirmation of the Monroe Doctrine by Congress comes from a Republican Senator. It is chiefly remarkable because the orator asserts that the famous declaration of President Monroe has been misapplied in its application to recent events, and then by his own statements proves the contrary. He conspicuously fails to establish his point that the "Doctrine" does not aim at the exclusion of the monarchial system from this continent forever. He contends that it was aimed purely and simply at the "Holy Alliance" which, in its dread lest the vigorous manner in which the Spanish colonies had thrown off the yoke of European monarchy should incite Old World nations to revolt, wanted to stamp out free government in South America. Canning's desire in suggesting a pronouncement from the United States was simply to make a cat paw of this government. We were to frighten away the "Holy Alliance," and then England would swallow the South American republics one by one. Great Britain refused point blank to join us in the declaration to the monarchies; she did not wish to get herself disliked; but she would have been glad to make use of us. As it happened, when America issued the warning, it was not exactly in the tone that England wished, but she pretended to be vastly pleased, because she fancied that it left the South American field to her alone. In fact, it is only after nearly three generations that she awakens from that dream, to find herself included in the warning of Monroe. Naturally the awakening has been a bitter one, and her role at first was to treat the historic words as antiquated, "as not adapted to modern circumstances, and not good as international law." Her hope was that she could thus gently "shape" the Monroe Doctrine into oblivion, and could then go on with her time-honored policy of picking out the choice morsels of territory for herself. Incidentally it would afford her a chance for killing off a few republics, for which governments she has as little love as was manifested by the Holy Alliance of Monroe's time.

It is not a little curious to find a Republican Senator retailing the same arguments which are used by the English against the appalling wickedness of the Americans in venturing to consider England a foreign country. Sen-

ator Wolcott seems to conclude that because some one has proclaimed blood thicker than water we must ignore the fact that Great Britain is a monarchy—intensely hostile to our system of government, anxious to discredit it, and above all desirous of making a rival system flourish on this continent. The Canadian experiment having been anything but a brilliant success, better luck is hoped for in South America. If England can but drive the entering wedge, Senator Wolcott will find that the American nation understands this, and considers the declaration against the establishment of a monarchy on this continent by any means quite as necessary now as it was in 1823. Certainly, to admit at this juncture, as the Senator does, that European monarchies may without any objection from us make themselves at home in South or North America, would be the negation of three generations of precedent, and an act of madness.

An Assembly member has asked Mr. Roosevelt if a change in the Police Commissionership is wanted. He went to the wrong place for his information.

POOR PRINCE HENRY. Prince Henry of Battenberg, who was a person of distinction principally because he was the husband of the Princess Beatrice, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, should have enjoyed life more than most men, considering matters from the point of view of the vulgar. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that his life was not a particularly happy one.

Prince Henry was a son of Prince Alexander of Hesse and of the Rhine, and his birth made him eligible for marriage with any member of a reigning family in Europe; but he was not possessed of a fortune sufficient to live as Princes who keep up the princely reputation for prodigality and extravagance are supposed to do. Consequently Henry was obliged to seek a matrimonial alliance in order to continue as a Prince, and it was believed that he was a very fortunate young man indeed when, at the age of twenty-seven, he was enabled to marry Princess Beatrice, and live upon the comparatively small income that his wife's wealthy mother was enabled to induce her people to vote for the support of the young couple.

If Prince Henry had been born a century or two earlier, when sovereigns had the absolute rights that are essential to real sovereignty, and there were no newspapers, he might have enjoyed life to the full, even though he was the husband of the Princess Beatrice. As it was, he never obtained the respect of the English people, who made him Governor of the Isle of Wight, and of Carisbrook Castle, which really entailed far less dignity and responsibility than the janitorship of a New York apartment house. When rude Radicals in the House of Commons desired to make a point on the diversion of the revenues of the crown from their proper purposes, Prince Henry was always pointed out as the most conspicuous and useless of all the princely parasites that English taxpayers are supporting.

When he attended State functions he knew that the titled Englishmen, whose rank was lower than his, were laughing at him for being tied to his wife's apron-strings. He was the leading figure in the mother-in-law jokes of the low comic papers.

And, to crown it all, Prince Henry must needs go out with a military expedition, to prove that he could fight, at least, for the country that adopted him, and then die of fever before he met the enemy. Perhaps he is well out of it. The life of a prince who has nothing of princeliness to fall back on is yearly becoming more anomalous.

The Assembly wants more "L" trams run in New York. Perhaps this is the only instance of beneficent interference that the Albany Solons can furnish.

THE "REAR TENEMENTS." Everybody will applaud the bill which the Tenement House Committee proposes to send to the Legislature, with a request for immediate action, authorizing the Health Board to tear down all the "rear tenements" in this city. There are more than 2,500 of these precious structures in New York, and it is safe to say that as breeders of disease and as traps to lure the unwary, the insufficiently nourished, and the overworked to death, they surpass anything in the world. Many of the worst of them are the products of the time when immigration was just developing into formidable proportions, and when it was necessary to build in haste. Mr. Jacob Rits has given a very interesting account in his "How the Other Half Lives," of the expedients resorted to by the New York of the late years of the earlier half of the century, to find room for the thronging immigrants.

But the great expansion of this deadly bane has come in recent years, and certain quarters seem specially devoted to it. Thus Mott street—classic region of "padrones" and their victims—has no less than sixty-seven "rear tenements." No one who has never inspected these rookeries has any adequate idea of what a single lonely built four-story edifice can hold. The "slaughter of the innocents" goes on unabated, Winter and Summer, in these dens, which are vile with the filth of generations. The death rate among their in-

habitants arises to alarming proportions. It is said that a district, bounded by Fifth avenue on the east, and extending to the North River, between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, contains more than two hundred and thirty of these tenements. Half of the very worst of the buildings are above Fourteenth street, which will give a shock to those amateurs of social science who fancy that all the suffering and disease due to improper lodgings is below that line of demarcation.

The "sweater" early made the rear tenement one of his refuges, and he still lurks in the malodorous recesses of the pest-giving structure. The Legislature cannot do a better work for humanity than to take a day off from its quarrel over exorbitant methods and devote it to crushing out of existence a type of building which is a disgrace to New York City.

Somebody who had it in for the Germans translated "Uncle Tom's Cabin" into their slumberous tongue, and is playing it to them.

LOCAL LUNATICS AND TAXES. Governor Morton sounds the note of alarm in no uncertain tones. He warns the State Legislature that it is building up responsibilities that the people cannot meet. He tells the legislators that it is probable that, in view of a public sentiment decisively expressed, some provision will be made at the present session of the Legislature for transferring the care of the dependent insane in the county of New York to the State at large. "Should this be done," he says, "it will necessitate a fixed addition to the tax rate of over one-third of a mill."

In view of the circumstance that those members of the State Legislature with hay germs in their hair, who comprise the majority of that body and who are doing their best to saddle the county of New York (which is the city of New York) with the expensive results of their amateur legislation, and thus drive our citizens into the insane asylums, it would seem that their constituents might easily afford to pay an additional tax rate of over one-third of a mill for the pleasure derived by their representatives.

There was a canny Scot, who wrote home on the occasion of his first visit to London, that he had been in the metropolis scarcely twenty-four hours when "bang" went six-pence." There are State legislators who do not see New York unless they come here as members of a committee to investigate municipal affairs, who never let a third of a mill of their own money go bang! except what the green goods dealers and the bunco experts get out of them.

"Let's stay for refreshments," said some one in the Assembly yesterday, and then the great statesmen took a recess of fifteen minutes to meet Chauncey, the peach.

The spirit of consolidation is so prevalent in Brooklyn that two churches—the Central Baptist and Centennial Baptist—have concluded to unite and form a greater congregation.

Lord Salisbury talks very loudly about the many thousands of British subjects to protect in the disputed territory in Venezuela. A traveller to the region says the entire population could float down the local river in a few canoes.

Mayor Strong's experience as an umpire at Yonkers last Summer has made a thorough sportsman of him. This is shown by the way in which he has called "play ball" on the Eighth avenue surface railroad company, by signing an Aldermanic resolution requiring it to extend its tracks so that passengers may be conveyed to Manhattan Field on days when baseball and football are being played.

That an Arctic explorer should pass unscathed through the perils of ice and snow and then be frozen to death in the mountains of his native Norway, is one of the astounding mysteries of fate. Eivind Astrup was a young Norwegian, who seemed to have a great future before him. He was a volunteer in Peary's first Arctic expedition and in the famous inland ice journey did manifold service. He had explored the glacier region of Melville Bay, and named one of the greatest glaciers after King Oscar of Norway. He intended to adapt ballooning to the work of Arctic exploration.

There is a pleasing barbaric flavor in the manner of treatment employed by the English in the case of King Prempeh, of Ashanti. They hold him for ransom, after the manner of those gentlemen who haunt the mountain sides in Italy, commonly known as brigands. The first aim of their expedition was punitive, but it is to be observed that England invariably associates punishment with the payment of money, when a military or naval expedition is concerned. And yet John Bull wonders why he is criticised, and goes about the world asking, "Why does everybody hate me?"

That is a wise suggestion by Mayor Strong that the charter for Greater New York that is to be should be framed by representative citizens, and not planned in the private rooms of a legislative committee or kept closely in a lawyer's office. The free and ample discussion in such a charter of all the details of government, etc., could but result in good. If we must have government by commissions until 1898, we will try to endure it, but after that we want to find ourselves in smooth water.

Joseph is Busy. [Rochester Post Express.] Joseph Chamberlain is in the most amiable mood in the world, or one of the wisest, or one of the best; but just now Joseph is one of the busiest.

Thumb-Nail Sketch of Tom Reed.

Washington, Jan. 22.—From a Hagenbeck standpoint the gallery onlooker can see much to interest him in the House. There's Tom Reed, Speaker—purely aquatic is Reed.

There is the very essence of the ocean in him; his tones are like a breeze, his very gait when he walks puts one in mind of a grand swell, and, more than anything else, Reed looks like a seal, or, perhaps, the seal's big brother, the walrus.

Reed is not so fat as he is big; he is full-chested and with a round back like a porpoise; and these, with his little sealish eyes, the rolling walk, a flipper-like fashion of carrying his hands make a whole effect which is oceanic.

There is the suggestion of activity about Reed, too, which makes one very sure that if any fish of a White House nomination were thrown into the tank he'd have it before it had accomplished one frightened circuit.

All this ocean in Reed is perfectly becoming and natural. For two centuries and over his people, inhabiting the Casco Bay country, have been fishermen and ocean goers. They have been whalers and cod-fishermen and merchantmen. One time and another a Reed has searched every inch of coast, on the map, save where the Arctic ice forbids.

Reed's father was a sailor; at one time a fisherman and argo the captain of a coaster. The salt winds have conferred much stamina and power on the Reeds, and every sign would point to the present Speaker living to an advanced age. His father died at eighty-three and his mother at eighty.

Reed's own family is made up of his wife and daughter, Kitty, the latter a girl of perhaps twenty.

Mrs. Reed is the daughter of a Congregational clergyman of Portland. Her tastes are domestic, and she avoids the rough-and-tumble of Washington society. She is a woman of wide culture and education, and a great reader. With Mr. Reed is a profound French and German scholar, and three or four evenings a week she has the big Speaker before her like a schoolboy, giving him lessons in these languages.

Unlike many women to whom power and position are as the breath to their nostrils, Mrs. Reed cares but little for the exaltation of her husband in politics. One day a newspaper worker out to write an article on Reed asked the Maine man if it would be possible to get a picture of Mrs. Reed.

"I don't know about that," said Reed, closing one eye with an expression a cross between a quizz and a thought. "I've never between you and me, been able to get Mrs. Reed to more than tolerate my political career. She in no wise approves of it. For this reason she will hesitate, and probably refuse to let you print her picture. Kitty, however, is quite a politician, and, I believe, indorses me in my public character. I think perhaps she'd like to see her picture in an article."

One would suppose that when success had beaten upon a man like a storm; when he was holding the second greatest office in the Government, with a remarkably fine chance of holding the first, he would have neither regrets nor regrets at having plunged into public affairs. And yet there are doubts in Reed's mind if he did well in ever holding an office. In conversation within two months, Reed said:

"It's to be much questioned if I were at all wise in getting into politics. The chances are, if I'd attended solely to my law business I'd be comfortably off and the master of a good practice. Politics can hardly be said to pay anybody." All this he uttered with a thoughtful, half sad air; and it expresses what he really feels.

Reed's doubts touching the wisdom and worth of a career in politics come from the fact that he's poor. Reed has no money. That needn't daunt him, however, in his path; no matter what trail he might have taken, whether public or private, he'd not have had any money. Reed was born with his hands open and saves money like a sinner saves water.

When Reed relaxes he usually goes fishing. He likes to hunt and is a marvel with a rifle; but he's a bit heavy for the hills. His vacations therefore are generally of the rod and reel sort. Last Summer he fished all the way from the Atlantic to the St. Lawrence.

In temper Reed is combative; he likes House contests, and the hot eagerness and ardor of sharp debates. He makes epigrams, Reed does, generally very bitter ones, and in the catch-as-catch-can blissions of the floor no one has been found who can cope with him.

Once when Springer was talking the Illinoisan got off that rather worn and over-worked phrase of Clay, "I'd rather be right than be President," said Springer, and then he paused and beamed on the House as one who'd said a very good and original thing.

"The gentleman need take no alarm," interjected Reed, with his Down East drawl, his walrus eyes glinting sardonically, "the gentleman need take no alarm; the gentleman will never be either."

When Reed makes what the press gallery calls "one of his characteristic speeches," the effect is that of a House hall storm. Everything on the opposite side is beaten flat as a field of turnips. Now, while performing as Speaker, he makes no speeches. He does, however, what is more wonderful still—he hears and repeats such a harvest of orator in the House as one would not have supposed was possible to such a rugged, contrary soul.

We Don't Believe It. [Poughkeepsie News.] The rural Republican editors are again in New York City, and one of the newspapers there says that they divided their time between Koster & Bial's and Hammerstein's Olympia. Another publishes a picture of John I. Platt, of the Eagle, which does him a great injustice, inasmuch as it is no doubt a worked-up picture of Tallmadge. We are in the sort of work.

We refuse to accept the story of our rural Republican friends carrying on, as the paper intimates, a "Bible of our times." We believe we have heard a great deal. We believe our metropolitan contemporaries should see to it that rural visitors should be shown to nice places.

Judge Pryor's Example. [Boston Journal.] It is pleasing to notice that Judge Pryor, of New York, continues to refuse naturalization papers to ignorant applicants who know nothing about our Constitution or our laws. Meanwhile, he is ready to grant citizenship to any foreigner who will follow his example until Congress passes more adequate restrictions upon indiscriminate naturalization.

About War Clouds. [Washington Star.] Cuba, Transvaal, Armenia, Chili, Venezuela, Manitoba! War clouds everywhere! The world is full of war in the most pathetic sense. The man who suffers from ennui in these days is hard to interest. May the winds of peace blow all of these clouds away!

Joseph is Busy. [Rochester Post Express.] Joseph Chamberlain is in the most amiable mood in the world, or one of the wisest, or one of the best; but just now Joseph is one of the busiest.

"The Squire of Dames."

A brilliant busybody, with nothing to do for a living and plenty of time to do it in, is the hero of "The Squire of Dames," R. C. Carton's adaptation of Dumas' "L'Ami des Femmes," now running at Palmer's Theatre. This busybody is a French type, imagined by Dumas—impossible in England, impossible in America—whose aim in life is to champion the cause of women and set things right for them in spite of themselves.

Mr. Kilroy, behaving as he does in "The Squire of Dames," would be kicked out of any reputable or respectable household in either London or New York. He is odd, however, and in spite of his impertinent absurdities, he gives John Drew a chance to do some clever and enjoyable work. To that fact, and to that fact only, will be due any approval with which this new-old play may meet.

Kilroy is, in fact, a sort of physician to be called in at a moment's notice by ladies who are about to become immoral. He can diagnose the symptoms apparently at a glance. He does so in the case of that silly little fool, Adeline Dennant. Instead of looking at her tongue, feeling a pulse or giving her a clinical thermometer to smoke he asks her a few deft questions, such as "Were you married for love?" "Who brought you up?" "Why were you separated from your husband?" And she answers just as though she had telephoned for him and expected a bill for \$10 on account of services rendered.

I couldn't help smiling at the question with which Adeline retorted. "Have you a sister?" she asks brokenly. "No"—this with deep emotion, as though the sisterlessness were a calamity. "I am so sorry that you haven't a sister. You could have understood so much better."

It seemed to me that Adeline might have continued to "Does your brother like cheese?" "If you had a brother do you think he would like cheese?" The queries would have been just as sensible as those with which she pined Mr. Kilroy. But he fully deserved them, for his misadventure in life is a singularly stupid and unintelligible one.

Kilroy is, however, a boon for John Drew. It gives him a chance to be bright and ubiquitous without mixing himself up with personal amours, or struggling with the sympathies of the audience. He is always on hand, firmly resolved that Adeline, who is married to Colonel Dennant, shall not go wrong with the senseless young Jackanapes, Sir Douglas Thorburn. Adeline herself appears to have one of those loving hearts that seem to be coming into fashion to-day. The heroine of modern comedy, the woman who is supplanting the lady with the past, is evidently a vacillating, weak-minded creature, who sings "How happy could I be with either, were 't'her dear charmer away." You can see her in "The Benefit of the Doubt" at the Lyceum Theatre, and now she's at Palmer's "swinging in the balance between heaven and hell," as Henry Arthur Jones would say.

I don't like her. I'm in the minority. I know, but the smirking idiot of a wife who went right, and who went wrong, irritates me marvellously. She is the Balaam's donkey of the drama, stupid enough to punch. It is never clear in "The Squire of Dames" why Adeline, who really loves her husband, can't do so without meddlesome Kilroy's assistance; nor are her incessant rejection and acceptance of the attentions of Sir Douglas comprehensible.

The main issue of "The Squire of Dames" is tame, but the side issues are better. Kilroy's little affair with the delightful American, Zoe Nuggetson, is charming, and it is a pity that there is not more of it. There are also one or two other episodes, distracting the attention from the pale and insipid Adeline, that are thoroughly worthy. These do a great deal of good for "The Squire of Dames," which would otherwise be anemic to the point of exhaustion. In fact, you feel relieved when Adeline is not on the stage, with the perpetual Thorburn dancing in the convenient side door. Of course such a heroine is, as I said before, but a temporary substitute for the lady with the past. When the drama settles itself again we shall get for our leading feminine attraction a woman with blood instead of water in her veins, and with stout morality as a characteristic instead of a pendulous uncertainty. Physical innocence will do for the present, but we shall want something more later on.

John Drew is exceedingly happy as Mr. Kilroy. The part suits him, because it doesn't deplete him as a love-sick boy or set him forth as one of those incomprehensible husbands that he so frequently attempted to vilify. He is easy, nonchalant, graceful, witty, voluble and as sympathetic as the part will allow him to be. Miss Maude Adams is equally good. She makes Adeline almost interesting, and she dresses her as such a woman would undoubtedly dress, frumpishly. The very colors with which she adorns herself in the second and third acts testify to what I must again call the pendulous uncertainty of her morals. No downward good woman or wholly bad woman would wear those queer manures with flaming scarlet. Miss Adams Miller is most fascinating as the American, and little Miss Gladys Wallis gets all that there is to get from the role of a trivial schoolgirl. Miss Annie Irish, whom it is always a pleasure to see, is convincing enough as Mrs. Dowle, and the men are excellent, Mr. Byron struggling successfully with a horribly trying and illogical role—a sort of cross between a cur and a gentleman.

"The Squire of Dames," born in the sixties, will not stamp itself upon the platitudes, but it may serve Mr. Drew's purpose, and Mr. Drew's purpose is to be—Mr. Drew. ALAN DALE.

Nothing Heavier. [Cleveland Plain Dealer.] Mr. McKinley and Mr. Reed must bear in mind that there is to be nothing heavier than rice thrown at Mr. Harrison's wedding.

Opposed to Lynching. [Cleveland Plain Dealer.] Ex-Governor McKinley is bitterly opposed to lynching, as he should be. He will no open indorse an attempt to hang up that nomination.

Police Activity in Kansas City. [Kansas City World.] The police stopped a rat-killing contest Saturday night, and Kansas City is now 500 rats to the good.

New York First. [Detroit Tribune.] Of course in event of war with Great Britain we should first seize New York. After that we might seize Canada.

Greater New York. [Detroit Tribune.] Now that Brooklyn has lost Dr. Twalmage, she takes something less laughably about the Greater New York scheme.

Chicago vs. Greater New York. [Rochester Herald.] The opponents of Greater New York may be sure of the sympathy and moral encouragement of Chicago.

Before and After the Prize Fight.

Muffled to the ears in a dark blue sweater the heavyweight sat in his dressing room. A couple of furrows denoting concentrated thought appeared in the narrow space between his eyebrows and hair. He was about to enter the ring and expose his chin to the deadly knock-out blow.

Near this magnificent human brute hovered his trainer, also attired in a sweater and keenly alert to every move and sound. The suave gentleman in the role of financial backer, who manipulates the gate receipts, was also there, "trying to appear gay and debonair, but palpably anxious. At the bolted door stood a fawning tin horn prospect of a penny in his pocket, but with good prospects of fondling a couple of dollars if things went right. He knew the heavyweight from having seen his picture in the pink periodicals, and worshipped him accordingly.

The dressing room contained little beside the heavyweight and his friends. In one corner was a wide cot of rough boards hastily knocked together, on which the pugilist reclined, thinking that he thought. On a table opposite stood a number of bottles containing whiskey, alcohol and liniments. There was also a sponge, some fans and towels, and under the table a tub of ice.

Outside could be heard the roar of the rabble at \$6 per head, enjoying the preliminary bout as seen through the murky haze of tobacco smoke. The event of the evening—the meeting of the heavyweights—was next on the programme. A favored few gained admittance to the dressing rooms, for there were two or three retreats. Substantial-looking men in cheese colored overcoats and diamonds a shade or two lighter crowded in to shake the hand of the thumper on whom they had staked their money, and to whisper a word of encouragement in his ear. Some who were not sports, but had friends in that line, gazed awestruck at the reclining gladiator and his array of fighting paraphernalia.

Having exhausted his oratory in making the match, the heavyweight had nothing to say, and those who did give vent to words spoke in subdued whispers. It was a painfully solemn and impressive occasion. Now and then the trainer, lest he be overlooked in the shadow of the stellar attraction, clipped a bit of court plaster with which he tenderly dressed an imaginary scratch on the pickled paws of his employer.

Eventually the battle takes place, and at the end of an hour the heavyweights are back in their rooms. The winner is now the most valuable of the excited throng which crowds the small apartment to the door. He recapitulates every blow given and taken during the fight, and points out on the chin of the backer the exact spot on which he landed the final punch. Everybody is deliciously happy, for they have won money, and call the backer familiarly by his first name. That astute individual is effusively solicitous for the welfare of his trained animal, and presses upon him a drink of brandy from a very small and curiously wrought bottle. The shape of the flask creates the impression that the liquor is of a superior quality, distilled expressly for winning pugils.

He is slow about dressing himself, is the victor, for the red welts and gorges on his neck, breast and arms enhance his popularity 100 per cent. But he affects not to notice these wounds, and is busy to how he knows that "the winner" is in it with him, etc. They all finally depart, however, with the gate receipts, and spend the night in drinking champagne.

Across in the other dressing room the dub sits blinking dizzily at vacancy. He shakes so that the trainer is unable to dress the fallen idol. There is no one present but the trainer and a couple of poor but loyal friends who had nothing to stake on the result. Even the backer has retired to discreet, and the losses of the sports who supported the loser before the fight, and which followed him as he was dragged limp and beaten from the ring, still sound in the purple ears of the vanquished man. His stomach has been hammered back and welded to his spine, both eyes are glued shut, his nose broken and swollen and every bone and muscle in his pain-racked body aches.

The intermittent groans of the pugilist in pain, his trainer rubs him down with camphor and arnica, occasionally pouring something from a black bottle into the throat of the sufferer. He still trembles like a man with palsy and is too weak and wobbly to stand without support.

After an hour of grooming the victim of misplaced money, sodden with drink, is squeezed into his clothes, then bundled into hack and spirited away through side streets and alleys to the oblivion of a Hamman bath. He is simply a whipped dog, with no more credit or standing than the bull pup chewed to finish in the regulation pit. The other fellow is honored by the interviewers, and his remarks are wired to every portion of the civilized globe. Later on he opens a saloon and becomes a power in politics.

Prize fighting is a paying industry if you can keep your face away from the fists of the other fellow.

To John Bull. [Springfield Union.] Now that John Bull has achieved a glorious victory over King Prempeh of Ashanti, perhaps he will be willing to go easy with Uncle Sam, Grandson William and the rest of the kickers. If he will only take Abner Hamid by the nape of the neck and shake him over the brink of Niagara, he will be a better fellow than several unpleasant things that we know about him.

Uncle Levi is Saying Nothing. [Chicago Record.] From the woodyard near Albany comes no sound save the steady, energetic rasping of Mr. Levi P. Mottson's saw.

A Chance for John Bull. [St. Paul Globe.] If John Bull wants to ignore any more Monroe doctrines, there is an excellent chance in Armenia.

A Deduction. [Birmingham Leader.] Now that General Harbord has purchased a large tract of land in the woods, it is to be presumed that he intends to take to them.

Our Sheriff and His Jail. [Rochester Union.] Sheriff Tammson, of New York, has explained how the prisoners in Ludlow Street Jail got their liquor. They let down money by means of a string from their windows, and when they pull the string up there is a bottle attached to it. Ludlow Street Jail has all the comforts of home, and you there are some prisoners mean enough to walk out of it without leaving any acknowledgment of the hospitalities enjoyed there.

Feeling in London. [Boston Record.] They have not only expelled him from several London clubs, but they speak of him as "Bill Hohenzollern" over in England now.

A Delicate Situation. [Fort Worth Gazette.] Since the Transvaal cove kicked over the milk pail, John Bull has been winking at Uncle Sam with his disengaged eye.

Gaught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

Anybody to see David Belasco, the Shakespeare of San Francisco and New York, to-day, would hardly realize that there was a time when Mr. Belasco wasn't great, for Mr. Belasco's greatness stands out all over him—from the carelessness displayed in the non-arrangement of his iron-gray locks and cravats, down to his red allken suit derivate, preoccupied look and intense facial contortions, as if he were discussing an off-colored plate of Oliver Hitchcock's "beef and" in the dark. But twenty-five years ago, in '71, things were different. Then Belasco wasn't great. Yes, he was great, but unrecognized. But he wasn't so great as he is to-day. Not half so. He wasn't "a clerk in the Nevada Bank," as another great man was (n't), who shall be nameless here, but he was ambitious. He wished to become the great playwright of the United States. But he wasted no money on pens, ink and paper; he simply got three feet of chain in a junk shop and a roll of straw at a lively stable, and at night he went from joint to joint, reciting "I am not mad! I am not mad!" A few old California veterans say that the flinging of that chain and straw on the floors of different dives at the supreme moment hasn't been equaled in horror since Lawrence Hanley died in "Hamlet."

A well-known actress, in reply to a question as to whether she had a hard time while moving starward, said: "I just guess I did have a pretty lively time in getting myself discovered as a star. I can tell you I was an awful long time in being found."

These words brought back the awful recollection of her early trials on the Western turf so vividly that it gave her a scared, uncanny look.

"I suppose you began in a small way, didn't you?" inquired a dry goods clerk, whose slight corn mustache shot out of a face that was the owner's misfortune more than his fault.

"In a small way and in a small town, which was fortunately not too far from the next stand to render walking a physical impossibility," said the actress. "I played everything—Ophelia in "Hamlet" to Dolly Doodle in "The Bottle of Cough Medicine"—and still my name appeared in small letters on the programme and not in the daily papers at all. I then concluded that to rise in one's art one must attract attention, and make a sensation in some way that bears no relation whatever to that line of art. I thought that if a lecturer can be popular because he has been acquitted of murder, and that a man became eligible as a dime museum curiosity because he has succeeded in eating twenty-five mince pies in less than two hours, I might achieve fame and gold by some method equally illegitimate. So I "poured" at five o'clock pink tea, and interested myself in charities, until I finally achieved the social distinction of being elected a member of Sorosis. All this time I was acting for a small salary, until finally I concluded that I had reached a social pinnacle that would place me far above the position on the stage that my qualities as an actress warranted."

"What did you do?" asked one of the party, while the actress paused.

"I went," she continued, "to the makers of a liquid called the 'Maltine Paradox' warranted to make fat and beauty at the rate of a pound a week and gave them \$100 to print my portrait and my letter recommending their nostrum to the public. They accepted and my portrait and eulogy appeared together all over the country in papers and horse cars. I immediately became famous. People recognized me upon the street and applauded me on the stage. My salary was raised and I was promoted until I compared favorably with Bernhardt. When my employers saw my portrait and letter in every horse car and newspaper in the land they concluded if I had sufficient fame to attract the business eye of a wide-awake concern that it was high time to push me to the front. That's how I came to be starred. I tell you, art is queer," she said in conclusion. "To be a popular actor a man must be a successful pugilist; and to be a successful pugilist he must be possessed of the eloquence of Cicero, and the epistolary skill of Chesterfield."

More or Less in the Public Eye. Mrs. Dimmock, who is to wed General Harrison, married Walter Dimmock, a brilliant